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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half dozen exceptions, has been printed in English since its birth. It contains news from every part of the globe, with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected, miscellany and valuable family and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the *Mercury* gives to advertising a very valuable to guide.

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Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given by addressing the publisher.

A Day of Mourning.

Thursday was generally observed as a Day of Prayer in accordance with the proclamations of President Roosevelt and Governor Gregory—All Business Suspended—The City Draped in Mourning—Services at all the Churches—The First Presbyterian, St. John's Episcopal, The First Methodist, Trinity Church, The United Congregational, and the Catholic and Colored Churches have Especially Interesting and Appropriate Exercises.

Thursday was a day of mourning in Newport as well as throughout the whole country. The stores and places of business were generally closed. The evidences of sorrow were numerous everywhere. All public buildings in Newport, and most of the other places of business, were draped in black. The dead President's picture was in nearly every window, and some of the mournful decorations were on an elaborate scale.

The churches were open and the attendance at the places where special services were held was very large. Never has there been so general an observance of the day of sorrow since the time of the martyred Lincoln, at the close of the great civil war.

ZACHARIAH MEMENTO CHURCH.

At the Zachariah Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist a special service was held in memory of President McKinley at 10 o'clock, a large number gathering there to pay their last tribute of respect to their much beloved President. There were floral decorations, and the simplicity of the altar added to the solemnity of the occasion. The pulpit was neatly decorated with black and white also the chancel rails. The choir sang a plain regular mass, singing "Our Fathers' God to Thee" and "Nearer My God to Thee." Mr. Augustus H. Swan sang very effectively "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and Master Joseph Deems rendered very sweetly "O Saviour Virtue."

Rev. Butler Clark, of Washington, officiated, and delivered a short and touching eulogy, linking his text from St. John, 11, 6, "Whosoever believeth in Me shall never die." He said that Our Lord's words to comfort the sister of a very dear friend of his were those just spoken; also "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and that they came there today offering their sacrifice on the altar in memory of the late President of the United States. The President needs no eulogy, as far as the flesh is concerned, yet his life speaketh to those who are left behind. It is proper to contemplate a few moments on him as we knew him. He began life as a soldier 40 years ago, entering the army of the United States when a mere boy. He was always faithful to duty, submissive, obedient, and thus won deserved promotion. At the close of the ranks he won the title that she to whom he was so dear, and whom the whole country sympathizes with today, delighted to call him, "Major." His record speaks for itself. He was a true soldier, serving his country's command. His life as a private man is an example before the whole world, as is also his life in Congress. He was regarded not only with affection, but admiration. He made a name in Washington that will never be blotted out. He was a devotee worshipper at the church he attended and was never absent unless duty called him elsewhere.

Testimony that appears in public print states that he was an honest, upright man, doing his duty to the nation at large as he best understood, with no selfish motives. His mind was one that would take in large questions and solve them rightly. Although dead he speaks to the living and says that "Honesty is the best policy." The President's domestic and Christian character especially commended him to the people of this country. As his widow says of him "No one could know him well who did not know him in the home." He was best known to her as her own in her home, not as President, etc. He cared for her who had been committed to him until death do us part in such a manner that he showed his highest, truest and best manhood. Their married life was an example in these days when there is so much domestic unhappiness. His military, chief executive and Christian life are examples for all of us. The memory of the late President, William McKinley, will never die in the hearts of the people of the United States. His spirit has gone to its rest, where there is life eternal. He believed in God as the Incarnate, also in a strict observance of the Sabbath. The example set us by the Chief Magistrate of the United States is one that men may well look to and follow and the women may pattern the life of Mrs. McKinley. Let us pray: "Rest eternal grant to him and let light eternal shine on him, increasing more and more until the eternal day."

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH.

At the First Methodist Church the service was opened by a scripture reading by the pastor, followed by the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," by the quartette. A prayer was offered by the pastor, after which the quartette rendered the anthem "He Still Knows That I Am God." The Scripture lesson, the 37th Psalm, was read by Rev. Charles Hunt Porter, pastor of Channing Memorial Church.

The roll of honor was read by Commander Jere I. Greene, of the Gen. G. K. Warren Post. It consisted of McKinley's record as a soldier in the Civil War. This was followed by the salute to the dead. After the anthem, "Crossing the Bar," by the quartette, Rev. T. E. Chandler delivered an address to the Grand Army and people of Newport. He spoke of the present great sorrow of the nation and of the whole world. He traced the success of Mr. McKinley as President; he spoke of his patience and his ability, then touched on his suffering and finally the death, with the burial. Then proceeding as he spoke, he told of the Christian training that made the true man that we all loved, and he showed how the country had progressed from childhood to a well developed youth under the leadership of President McKinley. He was one of the noblest of our Presidents. He lived not a life of selfishness, but of blessing to others. He was our hero. And so, we now bury him, while far away in that western town they lower his body to the grave; but he still lives, greater than any know—loftier than any suspect—living, not dead.

At the state convention of the Y. M. C. A., to be held in Pittsburg, Mass., Oct. 25, Norman Cole, of this city, will read a paper entitled, "What the Association Should Do For the Boys."

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

In the First Presbyterian Church the pastor, together with Rev. Richard

Arnold Greene, Commander Joseph B. Morlock, Mayor Garretson and Mr. Herbert W. Lull, superintendent of schools, was escorted through the main aisle to the pulpit by the members of the vestry and the boys' brigade of the church.

Service was opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Greene, after which he read the proclamation marking the day one of fast.

The pastor, Rev. George Whitefield Mead, read the Scripture lesson a part of I Cor., 16th chap., after which Miss Osgood sang "Lead, Kindly Light."

Commander Morlock then gave a short address, in which he spoke of the universal sorrow over the loss of our beloved President, dwelling on the sweetness and kindness of his life, and the universal love felt for him—a good and faithful servant, a perfect husband, a great statesman, a true man. Commander Morlock also spoke of our duty in establishing legislation which should exclude anarchy from our country.

After the address, Rev. Richard Arnold Greene read the following original poem:

OUR HAPPY CHIEFTAIN

In love for God's unerring will
To sing "Glory, Glory!"
Stretching, to be "the ever" still
His Lord on high;
Life's noblest purpose to fulfil
Is full to die.
The traitor's last blow may smite
With flesh and sin,
But his labor for the right
With earnest heart,
In death's dearth, loneliest night
Can have no part.
We mourn for thee, beloved chief,
In loneliness;
But knowing this is but relief
From human stress—
With triumph, after conflict brief,
They said to thee.
Thy people, on thy royal heart,
True, thou didst bear!
Our life, like thine, was joyous part,
Our word, thy care;
And in thy love, 'tis where thou art.
We still will share.
The "Kindly Light" that never fades,
Has guided thee
Where thy redeemer no sin degrades—
By him made free!
And glad for thee, 'tis from our shades
Our hearts must be.
Thy kindly soul hath found the way
To thine kind;
Through "creeping gloom" no more to stray—
All clouds behind;
The day spring brings theo to the day
So bright and glad.
Thy, from thy shoulders, patient, strong,
Thou'red free to fling
The girdle of state that bound thee long
"On joyful wing."
Praised-loyal heart—with raptured song,
Up to thy King.

This was followed by a short address by Mr. Herbert W. Lull, superintendent of schools. Mr. Lull spoke of our President's lifetime of faithful service. He was a true man, a rare personality, one of God's finest gentlemen, a typical American, near to God. All parties unite to honor him and to defend our country against the foul hands that would lay her low. In farewell, we echo the thought "His will be done."

Rev. Mr. Porter of Channing lead in prayer, which was followed by "Nearer My God to Thee" by the congregation.

The service was closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Greene.

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After the hymn, "Nearer My God to

Thee," by the congregation, resolu-

tions were read on the death of William McKinley, which were adopted by the two jots of the Grand Army. The resolutions were as follows:

Whereas, A sorrowing nation this day stands at the bier of its dead President, a patriot-soldier and first citizen, who, while receiving expressions of goodwill, was struck down by the hand of an assassin, an anarchist, the enemy of all organized government;

Resolved, That we, his comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, express our profound sorrow because the loss the nation has sustained;

Resolved, That by the death of William McKinley the world has lost one of its greatest rulers, and our country, whose wise administration has broken down sectional differences, so that the blue and the gray are now marching shoulder to shoulder under the folds of "Old Glory."

Resolved, That we view with indignation and abhorrence the crime of the assassin and denounce those whose principles and teachings are hostile to our institutions and good order;

Resolved, That we tender heartfelt sympathy to the stricken widow and pray that God will comfort her in this dark hour of her bereavement;

Resolved, That we pledge our sympathy and loyalty to Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

The resolutions were followed by the hymn, "America," by the congregation.

The service was closed by the benediction by the Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, of Trinity Church.

TRINITY CHURCH.

At Trinity Church the rector, Henry Morgan Stone, read the service for the burial of the dead and gave a short sermon on the loss sustained by the death of President McKinley. He said it is a time for silent silence and prayer. Our President is dead and we are gathered here to pay our tribute to his memory. God can know how great our loss is.

For he was a great man and a good man.

Although we can not appreciate him as he was yet we could love him and we did. He was a man of staunch integrity and honor; a man of firm stability and strength. He dwelt on the prosperity of the country and all that Mr. McKinley had done for the good of the nation and also of the trenchery and crime that lurks about us. It was an able address, appealing to the hearts of all.

Notable in the congregation were

Mr. Gerard Lowell, charge d'affaires of the British Embassy, and Mr. Percy Wyndham, and Mr. Herman Normand, the two secretaries of the embassy, who were practically representatives of King Edward.

General Joseph Wheeler, whom the President so much loved, and Judge John Clinton Gray, of the New York court of appeals, were also present.

The following premiums were awarded:

Newport County Fair.

Livington Perfection—1st, H. C. Sherman; 2d, J. C. Manchester; Canada Victor—1st, W. B. Anthony.

GRATUITIES.

Stone Bright—A. G. Parker; Buckeye State—A. G. Parker; H. C. Sherman; A. C. Parker; Woods New England—A. C. Parker.

Favorites.

Stone—W. B. Anthony; Cleveland—W. H. Thomas; Magnolia—John Coggeshall; Thorburn's Novelty—A. C. Sherman; Patch—Evelyn B. Chase; Yellow—H. C. Sherman.

Cherry—1st, John Helleay; 2d, B. C. Sherman.

GRATUITIES.

Hill in Tomato—S. A. Carter; Egg Tomato—R. C. Sherman.

GRATUITIES.

Parents—1st, A. C. Parker; Carroll—1st, W. Thomas; Mangol Root—1st, R. P. Manchester; Celery—1st, A. G. Parker; 2d, R. J. Grinnell; Turnip—1st, W. F. May; Reed Cabbage—1st, A. C. Parker; Henderson's Early Summer—1st, J. Coggeshall; Savoy Cabbage—1st, A. C. Parker; 2d, George Coggeshall; Mountain Pepper—1st, A. C. Parker; Red Pepper—1st, John Harrington; 2d, R. H. Anthony; Chinese Cabbage—H. C. Helleay.

GRATUITIES.

Small Pepper—A. C. Parker; Ruby King—R. H. Anthony; Boston Squash Pepper—R. H. Anthony; Mammoth Golden—R. H. Anthony; Collection of Peppers—Charles G. Thomas.

GRATUITIES.

French Turnip—1st, R. P. Manchester; Round Turnip—1st, M. W. Whiting; Evergreen Corn—1st, P. B. Brown; 2d, A. A. Chapman.

Potato's Excuse.

1st, J. C. Manchester; Corey Corn—1st, J. C. Manchester; 2d, W. F. Brayton.

Giant Peas.

Giant Peas—1st, W. F. May; Onion—1st, Martin Wiegmann; 2d, R. J. Grinnell.

French Peas.

French Peas—1st, R. H. Anthony; Red Field Corn—Gratitude—J. DeArmin; Pop Corn—1st, C. L. Parham; Red Sweet Corn—1st, J. G. Manchester; Tasseled Pop Corn—1st, J. G. Manchester; Lima Beans—Gratitude—Charles G. Thomas; Favors Peas—Gratitude—John Harrington.

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SWEET REVENGE

BY
Captain F. A. MITCHEL,
Author of "Chattanooga," "Chick-a-
muga," Etc.

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CHAPTER XV.

WOMAN'S PLEA.

AFTER this second defeat we could see the guerrillas gathering in a knot, evidently discussing the situation. They talked so loud that we could often catch a word, and their gesticulations were plain to us all. At last the captain took a white handkerchief from his pocket, fixed it to a stick and, holding it over his head, advanced toward us.

"A flag of truce!" we all exclaimed together.

"He's going to offer us something to eat!" cried Jack. "I knew he wouldn't let us starve!"

I stepped over the breastworks to go and meet the bearer of the flag. Buck called out:

"Tell him I'll take some fried chicken fo' me!"

I met the captain at the spot where we had built our fire. His arm was in a sling, and he was very pale. Some told me that he did not relish the work in which he was engaged.

"I've come to tell yo'," he said, "that if you'll surrender the rest of yo' people can go."

"What assurance have I that you will keep the terms?"

"The word of a man—He stopped. I saw that buck had led him to use an expression common among gentlemen in the south, but the word had stuck in his throat.

"Captain," I said, "you are a better man than the company you keep. Satisfy me that the women, the boy and the negro shall go free, and you are welcome to me."

"The men are divided about the women," he replied, lowering his voice.

"Which party holds the balance of power?"

"It's hard to tell."

"Then we have no assurance that if we surrender you can keep your promise to let them go unharmed!"

"There's no telling. Befo' yo' escape and the killing yo' all have been doing I could have fixed it, but the men are exasperated at the damage yo've done."

"Can't you be blind and let us out to-night?"

"No; I've lost more control of my men within the last few days than all the time I've commanded them. If they saw the slightest move on my part to let yo' slip, they'd shoot me, and yo' would never get out alive either. I can't stand here talking any longer. They'll suspect something. What's yo'r answer?"

I turned the matter quickly over in my mind.

"Captain," I said, "I will transmit your proposition. If your terms are accepted, I will go down to your camp, and my friends will follow. If they are not accepted, we will wave to you. In this event you will know that these noble girls, this brave boy, this faithful negro, prefer to take their chances with me."

Both of us turned without another word, and in a few minutes the captain was with his men and I had joined my little half-starved army. I was received with eager, questioning looks.

"He has made a proposition," I said. "I will give it to you with the information that goes with it. If we will surrender, he promises that all shall go free except me."

I paused a moment to watch the expression of their faces. I saw at once that they were all bitterly disappointed.

"I feel bound to state further that the captain has informed me that he cannot surely guarantee your safety, though he would if he could. He tells me that the men are divided, and he does not know himself which party is the stronger. You are not sure of safety, but you have a chance, whereas if we are taken by force the chances are all against you. Before giving my

your sacrifice. The guerrillas, having secured me, will doubtless quarrel about you, and the captain and those who are with him may bid an opportunity to let you get away under cover of the night."

"No, no!" cried all. "We'll stand together."

"How were you to reply?" asked Helen.

"If the terms were accepted, we were to go down; if rejected, we were to wave."

Helen took off her check bonnet and, tying it to a carbine, stood up on the rocks and waved it to the guerrillas, who were standing below watching for our signal, while our little command gave as lusty a cheer as their exhausted condition would admit.

But the real heroism was yet to come. I had seen evidence that the woman wing of my army was not to be appalled at any proposition, but it was impossible that I could be prepared for what was to follow. I have sometimes wondered if it was not rather an emanation of genius than heroism, but have invariably concluded that it was the genius of heroism.

The first flush of excitement at the rejection of the terms being over, Jack began to show signs of irritation, a condition I attributed to the growing pangs of hunger. She shook her fist at the guerrillas, vowed that if she could ever get her papa again he should scour the country till he had captured every one of them, and when captured she would herself take inexpressible pleasure in marking targets of them for pistol practice. Then she would call to them for something to eat. They were too far to hear her, and of course her request would not have been granted if they had. "Captain, good captain, dear captain," she cried, "do let me out of this! That's a dead boy!" Then she turned to Miss Stanforth. "Helen, what in the world do we come on such an errand as this fo'?" Why didn't we send the soldiers?"

"Jack," said Helen, "I'm sorry you regret it. I don't. I never regret."

"Yo're shewin' the white feather," said Buck.

Jack's eyes glistened with anger.

"The white feather! What do yo' mean, yo' little pest? White feather!

I'm not afraid of all the guerrillas in Christendom. They won't hurt me. I'm going down there to ask 'em fo' something to eat. I'll get yo' all off. White feather! I'll show yo'!"

She sprang upon the rampart, but I caught her and dragged her back.

"Let me go!" she screamed.

" Didn't I tol' yo' Missy Jack hab de biggest temper in de souf?" cried Ginger proudly.

"Let her go," said Helen, "and I'll go with her. If those guerrillas who are disposed to protect us can do so, they will succeed as well without you as with you. Indeed, your presence will only tend to irritate them. Come, Jack, we'll try it."

I stood inghast at such a plan. I forbade it. The girls were determined, I begged, ordered, stormed at them, declaring that for every step they took toward that den of hellhounds I would take two. At last Helen laid her hand on my sleeve and looked me calmly in the eye.

"Major Branderstone, I want you to let me have my way in this matter. You owe it to me. When you were wounded, I took you in and succored you. Since we have been in this place I have obeyed every order. Jack has flashed unknowingly, unintentionally, a stroke of genius. Jack is a genius. She has hit on our only chance. She fascinated the guerrillas once, and she'll do it again. She will split them in halves and set one half against the other. But she will need me. Give me that revolver."

All this was lost on me. I swooned they should not go. I planted myself between them and the rampart. Helen stepped to one side of me. Jack darted to the other. Ginger put his hand on my arm.

"Don't stop Missy Jack, mars". Missy Jack can do every'ing wid men fol's." He turned my face to the cliff. "Look dat a-way, an yo' won't see hit."

When I broke from the old man, Helen and Jack were beyond the rampart.

I have seen lifeboat men pull in a tempestuous sea, breasting a howling wind and madly tossing billows; I have seen men march out to battle with almost a certainty of death or mutilation, but I have never looked upon any sight with the mingled terror and admiration that thrilled me as I beheld these two girls, without other weapon than woman's loveliness, descend the rocky slope toward the guerrilla camp. They moved hand in hand, as I have seen graceful ships sail side by side. Helen was the taller and the more commanding, but both walked erect, Helen buoyed by a native courage, Jacqueline confident in the possession of a gift, a genius for boding me to her will.

They had scarcely left us when the guerrillas caught sight of them and stood looking up in stupid wonder.

Ginger, Buck and I were staring down upon them, Ginger's eyes starting out of his head, Buck leaning excitedly over the rampart, I clutching my carbine. On went the girls, between the flanking rocks, out upon a gentle swell, through a slight depression, over stones, weeds, brambles, till at last they came within 50 yards of the guerrilla camp. Then came a cheer from the bandits—I knew not whether of triumph or welcome—and the girls entered the camp.

What they said, what was said to them, I could not hear. I could only see Captain Ringold raised his hat and stood with it in his hand. He was evidently speaking for the men gathered around, and all seemed to be intent on him and the girls. Then I saw Helen step a little to the front, and all faces were turned to her. Occasionally she made a gesture, now pointing the finger of scorn at the guerrillas, as though to shame them or to influence whatever of manliness there might be in them. She was making them a long speech. At least, it seemed so to me, who could see, but not hear. At last there was a cheer. The conference was ended.

Then the little actress, Jacqueline, was evidently using her art. She would whip up to one of the men, stand before him in a favorite position of hers, bent slightly forward, and shake her skirt in his face. All the men stood

watching her. Occasionally there came a burst of laughter, a yell of applause; a clapping of hands, and I knew that Jack was carrying her audience.

Then I could see the figures below beginning to busy themselves about preparations for supper. Helen and Jack took hold as they had done once before, the men permitting them to do the work.

Buck, beside me, chuckled.

"What is it, Buck?"

"That concerned Jack's goin' round that with the skillet in one han' an chawn sompin' she's got in the other. Wish I was that!"

When supper was served, each man fed with the others to provide for their guests. Jack was seated on the ground, his back resting against a tree, a plate in her lap, a tin cup at her side, evi-

—the opposition of all my friends. It was hard for me to go down to my death. How could I bring myself to do so, with all these beloved ones endeavoring to prevent me! There was one way by which I might render them less averse to the plan. By proclaiming the military mission which had taken me to Alabama I might render myself an object of hatred and contempt. Despite the pain this confession would cost me, I resolved to make it.

At the moment I took my resolution I looked up at Helen, who was always my first object of thought before any important move. She was tenting over the torture looking down upon the guerrillas. In her face was a strength, an honesty such as I had never seen before on that of any woman. My resolve dwindled before that heroic countenance. I could not turn her soblime truth to detestation.

However, my purpose to end the struggle by my own surrender was unchanged. Raising it, I called out in a tone which at once attracted attention and denoted that I had something of importance to say.

"Dear friends!"

All looked at me inquiringly.

"I am going down there to give myself up. Then yo' go free."

Helen's gaze bespoke not only her astonishment, but dismay.

"What yo' going to do that fo'?" asked Jack quickly.

"Because I owe it to you all to do so."

"I'm goin' with yo'," said Buck.

"You will do no such thing. You must stand by your sister and cousin."

"What do yo' want to leave us in the lurch fo'?" said Jack impudently.

This impudent motive brought a fresh addition to my distress. Even with a perfect understanding between me and the others my burden was hard enough to bear. Jack's taunt well nigh turned the scale. Bending to the cliff, I buried my face in my hands. A soft hand was laid on mine. Helen was endeavoring to uncover my face. I turned and met her gaze—strong, tender, sympathetic.

"Your life is not yours to surrender. You must wait till it is forced from you."

"I would be unworthy of your sublime devotion should I accept any further sacrifice, especially since it can be of no avail."

"By giving up now you would turn all our efforts to nothing. We shall have made a failure that will remain an eternal burden."

"It will be light compared with my self condemnation when I see you die with me."

By this time Jack had seized my other hand with both of hers.

"Yo' can't go. Yo' mustn't think of it. What would we do without yo'?"

"Cease trying to make a coward of me," I cried, "or I sled' go mad!"

I sprang toward the rampart.

"Stop!" cried Helen imperatively. "I own your life to dispose of as I will—I and Jack. Had it not been for you would have bled to death when you received your wound. Had it not been for Jack you would have already been murdered by the guerrillas."

"Yes, and I am not so base as to pull my benefactors down with me. Stand aside."

"Hark!"

Jack spoke the word in her quick way, poised her head on one side to listen. She had heard a low whistle.

In another moment it was repeated, seeming to come from below, where we had built our bairre. A figure was advancing through the gloom, holding aloft a white handkerchief. I jumped from the rampart and ran down to meet this "flag," which I soon saw was borne by Captain Ringold.

"What do yo' want?"

"Don't let your women come into our camp again. Jaycox is back, and he and Halliday have got the upper hand. I'm powerless."

"Will you let the women go if I give myself up?"

"No; stay with them to the last."

"One word more."

"There's no time. I have stolen away, and if I am missed and it's known where I have been I'll be a dead man."

He was gone before the last word was spoken. I returned to the fortress.

"What is it?" cried Jack expectantly.

"He has lost the power to protect you. He advises me to stay with you to the last."

"Will you?"

"Yes," I replied, with a sigh.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Helen.

Another night of horror; a rising sun, bleeding the face of the rocks and our wan faces with a ruddy glow. A more wretched lot of beings could not be found among castaways at sea. We had not slept during the night, for whatever of rest had come to any of us had been rather stupor than sleep. Our cheeks were sunken; our eyes, deep in their sockets, were turned toward the red orb of day, which to our fevered imaginations seemed to be advancing to strike the fatal blow.

A great change had come over us during the night. Jack alternated between bursts of passion and a devil may care spirit, sprinkled with humorous sallies between tears and smiles, which served to lighten momentarily

the gloom for the others, but only rendered me more wretched; Buck craved food more than all the rest and after a few vain efforts to appear unconcerned took on a ghastly look that cut me to the heart; Ginger spent a great deal of his time in prayer; Helen seemed calm, yet I noticed a strange look in her eye. Up to this terrible morning she had been the枢纽 of the party. Under the strata that swelled like a great volcano within her breast, she asked harshly.

"Are you a Confederate or are you a Yankee?"

"What matters it now?"

"I came to save you, understanding you to be a Confederate."

"Would you abandon me now if you knew me to be a Union man?"

She turned away, and I saw that she was weeping. I put my arm about her and drew her close down on my breast.

There she wept long and silently.

Whether she was unconscious of what she did or whether her sufferings made her careless I did not know, but as I

was about to speak to her again, she

uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"What is it?" I asked, and she

whispered, "I have a pain in my

stomach."

"Is it serious?"

"Yes, it is. I have a pain in my

stomach."

"I will get a doctor for you."

"I will not have you leave me."

"I will not leave you."

"I will not have you leave me."

Horse Sense.

"Any fool can take a horse to water, but it takes a wise man to make him drink," says the proverb. The horse eats when hungry and drinks when thirsty. A man eats and drinks by the clock, without regard to the needs of nature. Because of careless eating and drinking "stomach trouble" is one of commonest of diseases. Sour and bitter risings, belchings, unusual fullness after eating, dizziness, headache, and many other symptoms mark the beginning and progress of disease of the stomach.

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William McKinley.

His Career and his Remarkable Personality.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, and the third to fall by the hand of an assassin, was a conspicuous figure in the politics of this country for more than twenty-five years. He has been called a "typical" American, and he was certainly a representative one. In the usual acceptance of the term, he was a self-made man; which means that he owed his success in life to his own exertions rather than to any outside assistance.

His parents were of Scotch-Irish extraction. He inherited strength of body and mind from his father, who died about ten years ago at the age of eighty-five. The elder William McKinley was one of the plowers of the Western Reserve in Ohio, a section of country which has produced a great many men, among them being Garfield, Hayes, Thomas Corwin, Judge Thurman, and Ben Wade.

During the past twenty-five years Mr. McKinley had seen many ups and downs in politics, and more than once his enemies—for he had enemies—predicted his complete downfall. Twice, in particular, they were confident that he would never again be heard of in national politics. "The first of these occasions was in 1880, after the passage of the famous tariff law which bore his name. In the next election, the Republican party was overwhelmingly defeated throughout the country. The Democrats elected more than a two-thirds majority in the lower house of Congress, secured control of the Senate, and of most of the Legislatures, even in States hitherto regarded as Republican strongholds. McKinley himself could not be saved from the wreck. He lost his Congressional district by a small majority, and many of his friends were doubtful whether he would ever again appear as a living force in the political arena. And yet, in the following year he was nominated and elected Governor of Ohio by a substantial majority, and two years later he was re-elected by a still more emphatic vote.

Mr. McKinley's critics read his political obsequies for a second time at the Minneapolis convention of 1892. He was there as a delegate at large from Ohio, instructed to support Benjamin Harrison for a renomination. Under the leadership of Mr. Foraker, now a United States Senator from Ohio, his State's delegation was induced to support McKinley for President. Foraker was not recognized at that time as a friend or political ally of McKinley. The move was made, so it is claimed, to disrupt the Harrison forces and prevent their candidate's renomination, and incidentally to discredit Mr. McKinley in the eyes of the public as a man lacking in honor. As the chairman of the convention, the latter was placed in a very trying and embarrassing position by this flank movement. He did everything he could to keep his name from going before the convention, but upon the roll call he was the only man in the Ohio delegation who voted for Harrison. Of his State's forty-six votes, forty-five were cast for McKinley.

It is said that General Harrison himself did not fully understand Mr. McKinley's attitude at the Minneapolis convention. He believed, it has been stated, that if the Old Guard had been absolutely loyal, the movement to nominate him could never have obtained any headway. Mr. McKinley, however, never attempted or offered any explanation of his course to General Harrison, and for some time the relations of the two men were somewhat strained, to use a polite phrase. After Harrison's defeat at the polls in November, 1892, a number of prominent Republicans met in New York and discussed the future of their party. Most of them expressed the opinion that the result of the election had put an end forever to McKinley and McKinleyism; but subsequent events demonstrated anew that prophets, particularly political prophets, are often very mistaken. Less than four years later, the man from Canton was nominated for the Presidency against the combined opposition of half a dozen rival candidates and the united efforts of the leading "bosses" of the Republican organization. Much of the credit of his success has been given to Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, the present chairman of the Republican national committee, and a life long friend of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Hanna was undoubtedly influential in securing the nomination, but there can be little doubt that the decisive factor in the situation was the overwhelming desire on the part of the rank and file of his party to have McKinley for their standard bearer.

Mr. McKinley's early education was obtained in a Methodist academy in the small village of Poland, Ohio. Poland at that time contained a population of between three and four hundred and it has not grown since. It has never had a railroad. Forty years ago it contained a Presbyterian and a Methodist academy, besides a law college, which made it quite a seat of learning. When the war broke out, McKinley was seventeen, and did not even look his age. He was teaching school, and earning twenty-five dollars a month. As soon as Fort Sumter was fired upon, he joined a company formed at Poland, which was inspected and mustered in by General John C. Fremont. General Fremont at first objected to passing young McKinley; but after peering into his chest and looking squarely into his eye he concluded that the lad was fit to be a soldier. His first service was in the Twenty Third Ohio, and he remained with this regiment throughout the war. He was promoted from sergeant to captain for gallantry on the field, and at the close of the war he was brevetted major for meritorious services.

After leaving the army, Mr. McKinley took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1853 was elected prosecuting attorney of his county, although it was normally a Democratic district. He did not enter Congress until 1876. It is related that when he reached Washington as a member-elect, he called on President Hayes and sought advice in the matter of shaping his career. Hayes is reported to have said:

"To achieve success and fame, you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered, or every bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one thing; become a specialist. Take up some particular branch of legislation, and make that your study. Why not choose the tariff?"

President Hayes may have said this, and he may not; but at all events, McKinley decided, very early in his public service, to become a specialist; and to make the tariff his specialty. Long before he became chairman of the ways and means committee, and framed the McKinley tariff law, he was recognized as an authority upon the question of import duties.

As President, Mr. McKinley won the respect, admiration and esteem of the country to an extent second only to that won perhaps by Lincoln and Washington. His administration encountered difficulties and perplexities which even the two great Presidents named did not meet. He conducted the country through a period of trying war with success and honor. He assumed the high office of the Presidency at the time when the nation's credit and resources were at the lowest ebb and inaugurated a period of prosperity such as was never before known. From a time of uncertainty and business depression he directed the legislation that assisted in bringing about an immediate revival of public confidence and consequent business prosperity.

During the progress of the negotiations that preceded the war with Spain, Mr. McKinley, more than any other man in the government, used every effort consistent with national honor to avert a war. Yet when the period of diplomacy was passed he turned his efforts to prosecuting the hostilities to a successful conclusion. During the war the chances of the country were still in a prosperous condition. That he had the confidence of the nation was evidenced by the vote of Congress placing at his disposal to use as he thought fit the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the national defense.

There have been few Presidents who have been held in greater esteem by the people at large than William McKinley. A plain man himself he understood the feelings of a plain people. Simple in his tastes, unostentatious, unimposing, he was the man of the people. He was beloved by all with whom he came in contact regardless of political parties. Of him it may be said, in simplicity and without exaggeration, that he was one of the truly great men whom this country has produced.

Mr. McKinley was married about thirty years ago. Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a banker in Canton. She and her husband had been playmates, sweethearts, and lovers from early childhood. The President's devotion to his wife has often been commented on. It is most touching and beautiful. Since the birth of two children, a good many years ago, Mrs. McKinley has been almost a confirmed invalid; yet notwithstanding her poor health, she not only cheered and brightened her husband's life, but rendered him a great deal of assistance in his public career. Their children died in infancy.

The following remark, made several years before Mr. McKinley's death by a friend of long standing, is perhaps the best eulogy that can be pronounced:

"Quiet, dignified, modest, considerate of others; ever mindful of the long service of the veterans of his party; true as steel to his friends; unshaking at the call of duty, no matter what the personal sacrifice; unwavering in his integrity, full of tact in overcoming opposition, yet unyielding on vital principles; with a heart full of sympathy for those who toil, a disposition unspotted by success, and a private life equally spotless and self-sacrificing.

William McKinley, Ohio's favorite son, stands before the American people today as one of the finest types of courageous, persevering, vigorous, and developing manhood that this republic has ever produced. More than any other President since Lincoln, perhaps, he is in touch with those whom Abraham Lincoln loved to call the plain people of this country."

Hodge, the Single Minded.

An election petition was being tried, and a witness was called to prove "bribery."

"One of the gentlemen says to me, Hodge, you must vote for the Tories," said the witness.

"And what did you answer to that?" asked the counsel.

"Well," said I, "How much?"

"And what did the agent say?"

"He didn't say nothing. The other gentleman comes to me and says, 'You must vote for the Liberals, Hodge!'"

"And what did you answer?"

"I said, 'How much?' So he first me what the other gentleman offered me, and I told him 5 shillings."

"And what did the Liberal agent do?"

"He gave me 10 shillings."

Counsel sits down triumphant, and up starts the other side.

"Did you vote for the Liberals?"

"No."

"Did you vote for the Tories?"

"No, I ain't got a vot!"—Spare Moments.

Reassured.

They had been married seven years. The doctor had been called in and pronounced him a very sick man. As his wife entered the room, after the doctor's last visit he called her to his bedside, and in a tremulous voice he remarked:

"Darling, I am going."

Leaving over him, she stroked his head gently and reminiscently replied:

"Cheer up, Clarence! That remark assured me that you will live. Don't you remember how often you said that during our courtship days and how persistently you didn't go?"—Boston Courier.

He Didn't Complain.

Young Wife. "This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense."

Friend. "Doesn't your husband complain at all?"

Young Wife. "No, indeed! Why last evening I couldn't find my gloves, and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things; and yet, when I was finally dressed, and went downstairs to my husband, there he was by the fire, reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late!"

Friend. "Well, I declare! Where were you going?"

Young Wife. "To prayer meeting."—New York Weekly.

Willie's Idea.

"Isn't it awful how thin Mr. Henpeck is now?" remarked Mrs. Gabble to her husband. "And he used to be so stout."

"Perhaps," chimed in little Willie, remembering his trouble with his bicycle tires—"perhaps his wife forgets to blow him up regular, like you said she used."—Philadelphia Press.

Very Aggravating.

Wife. "Oh, doctor! will John pull through?" Doctor. "Can't say, ma'am. The crisis will not arrive for at least a week." Wife. "O dear! And that bargain sale of mourning goods ends tomorrow!"

SWEET REVENGE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

felt her heart beating against mine was conscious of the birth of a new love.

As the sun rose higher it beat down upon us with all the enervating heat of an unseasonable day. The winter dripping back of us alone sustained and refreshed us. One by one we would go to the cleft and, standing under the cooling drops, receive them in our mouths. We envied the birds the food they bore to their nests and the freedom of those soaring far above in the blustery ocean of air. Why could we not be given wings to fly from our rocky prison? The wrecked are prone to dwell on hallucinations. So to us came sounds denoting the approach of rescuers. One would hear the tramp of armed men. Another would see the white covers of a wagon train. All day we were tormented by these fancies till at last I ceased to pay any attention to them.

"I hear horses' hoofs," said Buck. "Oh, no, you don't, Buck," I said, laying my hand on his head. "I tell ya! I do!"

"Listen," said Helen.

We all listened, but so far as I was concerned there was no unusual sound. "I hear them, too," said Jack.

It was singular that those two should agree. I looked anxiously at Helen. My hearing was not especially acute. If Helen had heard, I might have thought there was something to hear. She listened a long while, but no sound came to her.

"It's gone," said Buck.

"So it is," said Jack. "I heard it; I know I did."

I turned away. It was plain to me that they had been tortured by another hallucination. Neither Buck nor Jack heard anything more, and the incident was soon forgotten, at least by Helen and by me, who had heard nothing. We all relapsed into that dreadful waiting—waiting for the time when the fear of death would be overcome by the pangs of starvation. Helen suddenly looked at me, that dangerous light which I had seen before in her eyes.

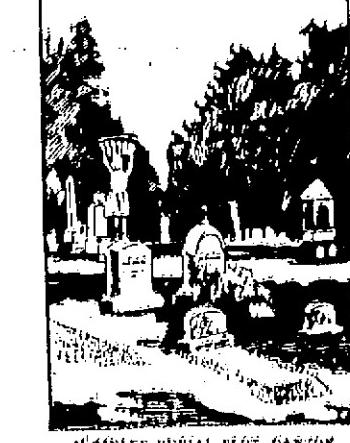
IN THE TOMB

Body of Martyred President Now Reposes

Final Ceremonies of Deeply Pathetic Character

Canton, O., Sept. 20.—With majestic solemnity, surrounded by his countrymen and his kinspeople, in the presence of the President of the United States, the chief Justices of the United States supreme court, and its and representatives in Congress, the heads of the military and naval establishments, governors of states and a great concourse of people, who had known and loved him all his life, it was laid to rest in the vault which his assassin's bullet had punctured in the floor.

It was a spectacle of mournful grandeur. From every city and hamlet in Ohio, from the remote reaches of the south, and from the east and west, the whole state flew to Canton, until 100,000 people were within its gates to pay the last tribute to the fallen chief.



METHODIST CHURCH, CANTON.

The final scene at the First Methodist church, where the funeral services were held, and at the beautiful Westlawn cemetery, where the body was consigned to a vault, were simple and impressive.

The service in the church consisted of a brief oration, prayers by the ministers of three denominations and singing by a quartet. The body was then taken to Westlawn cemetery and placed in a receding vault, pending the time when it will be finally laid to rest beside the children who were buried years ago.

The funeral procession was very imposing, and included not only the representatives of the army and navy of the United States, but the entire military strength of the state of Ohio, and hundreds of civic, fraternal and other organizations. It was two miles long.

As the funeral car passed through the streets men and women sobbed. It was after 4 o'clock when the hearse passed through the gateway of the cemetery. Twenty minutes later, the services at the vault were over. One hour and 40 minutes after the bier had entered the cemetery, the place was clear, and the dead president was alone, save for the guard over the vault. A sexton's measured step resounded from the cement walk before the vault, another kept vigil on the grassy slope above, and at the head and foot of the casket stood armed men. Before the door, which was not closed last night, was pitched the tent of the guards, and there it will remain until the doors are finally closed. Sentries will then guard the vault every hour of the day and night, until the body has been borne to its final resting place.

The State Funeral

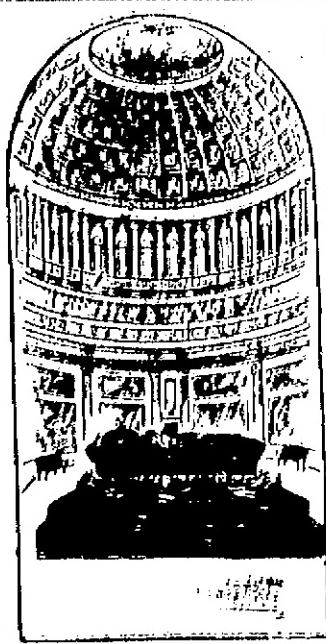
It was almost the closing act in the awful tragedy when, beneath the dome of the Capitol, funeral services of state were held on Tuesday over the remains of the dead president. As befitting the occasion and character of the man, the services at the Capitol were simple. They were conducted in accordance with the rites of the Methodist Episcopal church, of which President McKinley was a life-long member. Consisting only of two hymns, a song, a prayer, an address and a benediction, they were very beautiful and solemnly impressive.

Gathered around the bier were representatives of every phase of American national life, including the president and the only surviving ex-President of the United States, together with representatives at the Capitol of almost every nation on earth.

Despite the fact that no attempt had been made to decorate the interior of the rotunda, beyond the arrangements made about the catafalque, the assemblage presented a memorable sight. The sombre black of the attire of hundreds of civilians present was splashed brilliantly with the blue and gold of the representatives of the army and navy and the court dress of the diplomatic corps.

As the notes of McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," floated through the gray rotunda, the assemblage rose to its feet. At the conclusion of the hymn as Mr. Dr. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington district, rose to offer prayer, the hush that fell upon the people was profound. When, in conclusion, he repeated the Lord's Prayer, the great audience joined solemnly with him. The hymn "Sometime We'll Understand," was sung by Mrs. Thaddeus G. Rogers of this city, and the beautiful refrain was echoed and re-echoed by the double quartet choir.

The venerable Bishop Andrews of Ohio, the oldest bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, then took his position at the head of the choir and began his eulogy of the life and works of William McKinley. His tribute to the Christian virtues of the dead president was impressive. Upon the conclusion



INTERIOR OF ROTUNDA AT THE CAPITOL.

of the service, the audience joined the choir in singing "Neath My Rod, to Thee."

In conclusion the final blessing was asked by Rev. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. church, upon both the living and the dead.

Miss McElroy did not attend the services at the Capitol. It was deemed wise that she should not undergo the ordeal. She remained at the White House, comforted by every attention that loving thoughtfulness could suggest.

Both sides of Pennsylvania avenue, from the White House to the Capitol, were massed, and in the afternoon a procession passed down the broad thoroughfare to the solemn notes of "God March," tenor-soprano voices far more eloquently than words. With aching hearts all remembered that only a few months ago President McKinley had passed along the same thoroughfare to be inaugurated a second time. The flags that had fluttered greeting to him in March were furled and draped behind in September. The cheer of spring became the sigh of autumn. Grief had usurped the place of joy.

As the procession moved down the avenue, the people recognized in the long line of distinguished mourners their former president, Grover Cleveland, who had come to pay his tribute to his successor. They recognized, too, their new president, upon whom the responsibilities of chief executive had been thrust so unexpectedly.

Among the hundreds of other distinguished persons who were in attendance upon the funeral services were Governor Gregory of Rhode Island, Governor Yates of Illinois, Governor Hill of Maine, Governor Crane of Mass-



MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE CEMETERY.

sachusetts, Governor Aycock of North Carolina, Governor White of West Virginia, Governor Stetson of Vermont, and Governor Voorhees of New Jersey. Colonel Stone represented the Governor of California and Colonel Kaufman of Charleston, represented Governor McSweeney of South Carolina. The diplomatic corps was fully represented. Nation and state, military and naval, and many civic organizations had officers in attendance.

At the conclusion of the funeral services in the rotunda the casket lid was removed in order that the immediate friends of the dead president might be afforded the comfort of a last glance at his features and that the people might pass the bier for the same purpose.

At 12:30 the crowd began to file through and during the six hours in which the body was lying in state, it is estimated that 50,000 people passed the casket.

The last chapter of the sad ceremony, the removal of the body of the late president to its resting place at his old home at Canton, began at 8:30 o'clock last night, when the funeral train left here over the Pennsylvania railroad.

At the Canton Home

Tenderly and reverently those who had known William McKinley best received his martyred body at Canton on Wednesday. They mourned not so much the illustrious statesman as the loss of a great personal friend. They hardly noticed the President of the United States or his cabinet, the generals or admirals, for the casket containing the body of their friend and fellow townsmen, who left them two weeks ago, in the full tide of a glorious manhood, was the center and the limit of their interests.

The entire population of the little city and thousands from all over Ohio, the full strength of national guard of the state, eight regiments, three batteries of artillery, one battalion of engineers, 500 men in all, the governor, lieutenant governor, and a Justice of the supreme court, representing the three branches of the state government, were at the station to receive the body.

The whole town was in deep black. The only house in all this sorrow-stricken city, strange as it may seem, without a mourning drapery, was the

McKinley cottage, on Sixth Street.

The blinds were drawn, but there was no other evidence of mourning.

There was not even a bow or wreath upon the door when Mrs. McElroy was carried by Abu & Fletcher and Dr. Rixey into the darkened room. Only the lighting just at the curb in front of the residence had been withdrawn in token of the citizens' respect for the general scheme of mourning deviations.

Such was the procession which had borne the body to the court house where it lay "in state" yesterday afternoon. It would not compare with the infiniteness of that double line of broken-hearted people who strolled slowly through the corridors of the building from the time the coffin was opened until it was taken home to the sorrowful widow at highfall. They stopped softly, and tears came without restraint or effort at concealment. Perhaps it was the great change that had come upon the countenances which moved the passing throng more than the sight of the familiar features.

The sights of desolation, which appeared upon the blinds and checks of the state ceremonial in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, had dropped the tips had become dim. All but two of the lights of the chandelier were now extinguished. In order that the change might appear less noticeable, but every one who viewed the remains remained the darkened parlors and the glassy eyes.

When the body was taken away their hands were still in hers, and the maid-of-honor in charge of the arrangements was appealed to to allow a further opportunity to view the remains before they are taken to the church. But she had to reluctantly consent to them and the casket may never be opened again.

At 4 P.M. Sept. 19, with the arrival of Buffalo, Sept. 14, President McKinley died at 2:30 this morning. He had been unconscious since 7:30 p.m. His last conscious effort on earth was spent with the wife to whom he devoted a lifetime of care.

He died unnoticed by a minister of the gospel, but his last words were a humble submission to the will of the God in whom he believed. He was reconciled to the cruel fate to which his assassin's bullet had condemned him, and faced death in the same spirit of calmness and poise which he marked his long and honorable career.

His last conscious words, referred to writing by Dr. Minot, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were: "Good-bye; all good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

His relatives and the members of his official family were at the Milburn house, except Secretary Wilson, who did not avail himself of the opportunity, and some of his personal and political friends took leave of him. This painful ceremony was simple. His friends came to the door of the sick room, took a long glance at the dying statesman and turned away.

He was practically unconscious during this time. But the powerful heart stimulants, together with oxygen, were employed to restore him to consciousness for his final parting with his wife. She asked for her, she sat at his side and held his hand. He苍白ed her and bade her good-bye. She went through the scene with the same bravery and fortitude with which she has borne the grief of the tragedy which ended his life.

The members of the family, with the exception of the bereaved wife, were at the death bed. Mrs. McKinley was in an adjoining room. Dr. Rixey was the only physician present.

Long and Painful Death

The report of the autopsy upon the remains of President McKinley says that the bullet which struck over the breastbone did not pass through the skin, and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach, near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become congealed.

After passing through the stomach, the bullet passed into the back wall of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet was not found. There were no signs of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene, which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet.

Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment, and was the direct result of the bullet wound.

Plea of Not Guilty.

Buffalo, Sept. 18.—John F. Czolgosz was arraigned before Judge Emery in the county court yesterday afternoon on the indictment for murder in the first degree in fatally shooting President McKinley on Sept. 6. Again the prisoner refused to plead, or even to utter a word or sound, and Lorain L. Lewis, ex-supreme court justice, entered a plea of not guilty. The accused will be tried in the supreme court next Monday.

Counsel asked permission to reserve the right to withdraw the plea and enter a special plea or interpose a demurrer. Counsel expressed regret that his name had been mentioned in connection with the trial, as he had been out of practice for some considerable time, and had a very strong repugnance to appearing.

Collapse Not Looked For

Canton, O., Sept. 20.—The friends of Mrs. McKinley do not regard her as being upon the verge of a collapse. On the contrary, they express themselves as quite confident that she will be spared to them for a long time. Dr. Rixey said late last night: "Mrs. McKinley is keeping up well and will be expected under the circumstances. She is suffering intensely from her loss, and has frequently given way to sobs and tears, but for all that she has been doing as well as any woman could do under similar circumstances. We have no immediate expectations of anything but favorable conditions in her case."

Memorial Services Abroad

London, Sept. 20.—Several London theatres were closed last night. Those

remaining open witnessed some remarkable demonstrations. The program began with the dead march in Sibelius' "Kalevala." "The Star-Spangled Banner" was also played, and was received with ringing cheers and shouts of "Hooray with anarchists."

Menial services are reported from all the large cities in England, Russia, Germany, France, Portugal, Italy and India.

PARSON ROUGHLY USED

Baptist Against Sympathizers With Rebels at a County Fair

Bethel, Me., Sept. 20.—Yesterday was an exciting day at the county fair, shortly after noon four of the 400 of Cumberland county, located in Vt. Mr. Blodget, a Baptist, told the proprietor, recalling the memory of the battle, he tied him. A crowd immediately gathered, and the gambler suddenly pushed the parson and made a break for liberty. Blodget was close after him, but lost at the trees propped. They ran through the grove and arrived at a 12-foot cedar fence, the deputy constable behind. Blodget pulled his revolver as he ran, and just as the fellow was touching the top of the fence, he fired twice. Then the deputy stumbled and fell. On his fall, he hit his head, giving up his pretensions.

He had to face a crowd of 400 men who pushed him about and used fists to his unusually rough justice. This young fellow gave him considerable trouble, and he was later arrested and taken to Portland, giving his name as Fred Cole of Boston. During the following fight between the deputy and a number of those in the crowd, Deputy Sheriff Shingot took Blodget by the head. It was not long before they bound themselves together, the ground, and Rev. Mr. Blodget, among other blows, was dealt a mortal kick in the forehead. Just before that Blodget laid out the man's head with a swinging blow with a pair of handcuffs. The gambler was not arrested, but it was reported that he had been shot in the leg.

Death of Bishop Whipple

Fairbank, Minn., Sept. 17.—Bishop Henry B. Whipple of the Protestant Episcopal church died at his home here yesterday. Bishop Whipple had been at

the death of his wife.

Death of Plot from Harry

Barre, Vt., Sept. 19.—It is expected that the Washington county grand jury will take evidence at the present sitting to connect Emma Goldman with the attempt to murder Chief of Police Brown of this place, made by anarchists last December. State Attorney Howe is acting in the matter, and yesterday Chief Brown went to Buffalo to confer with Chief O'Neill in connection with the case. Miss Goldman was here in February.

Six Persons Killed in Wreck

Brockton, Mass., Sept. 19.—A switch not properly set brought a passenger express and a heavy freight train together, with the resultant deaths of six passengers on the express train and injuries to 25 others yesterday afternoon on the main line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at Avon. The express left Boston at 1:08 p.m. and it was running 40 miles an hour at the time of the accident.

Royal Couple Went Visiting

Montreal, Sept. 20.—As a sympathetic tribute to the memory of President McKinley, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York refrained yesterday from participation in public functions, and limited their movements to a round of visits to religious, charitable and educational institutions.

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

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Alpha Home Pudding,

THE LATEST THING OUT.

Scotch Oats,

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NEW DESIGNS.

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EXAMINE OUR

CAPE ANN

AND

Black Grain Boots!

When You Want a COFFEE POT

THE LITTLE COFFEE POT

</

REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

On the other side of the stream
That strolls by this pretty place,
I know that our loved ones are still,
Just as they loved of yore.

They enter or in their thoughts,
They speak of us when they meet,
And ever and ever the truth of old
Bides with them warm and sweet.

A patient and constant dead,
Whom we carry from our bosom thoughts
Who fade away from our bosom thoughts
As the stars fade out of the sky!

We put them so far away;
We hide them so deep with God;
We think of them matched to the far
Thirsty star.

As soon as they're under the sod.

Ah me! It is pitiful so,
Dear loves, in lead and meat,
Are pressing your faces against the gates
Of our hearts and we will not hear!

O friends, when our pointed dead
Pars over that barren land,
They lie full far to a foreign land,
They dwell in your land and mine.

A land that joy the sun burns,
No elements sweep away,
The dead long home of immortal love,
God's only child and mine for ay!

Be drawn there closer here,
As of old, hand to hand.
God means we should walk through life
And death.

In love's immortal land.

—James Buckham, Congregationalist.

Friends Ever.

BY H. R. BELLER.

THIS had been friends from boyhood, and possessed the same tastes and inclinations concerning both play and study. When the college days dawned upon the horizon the same old spirit of friendliness manifested itself; they chose the same profession, medicine, and were greater friends than ever in the close library of ambition.

In college they were known as "The Twins," though they were wholly dissimilar as to appearance, stature or complexion. Henry Morse was short, stoutly built, with blue eyes, crisply curling, light hair, and a mouth so sweet and tender as a woman's. John Findlay was tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes—the latter deep set and receding—and a mouth about whose corners the lines of a fixedness of purpose even thus early were drawn.

The college days are over, and we find them both attached to St. Mark's Hospital, working side by side ready for the ambulance call, to rathe away over the pavements of the city to administer aid to the unfortunate bruised and broken, or we find them together by the side of the dying, quick to smother the pillow or relieve the fluttering pressure of the failing fingers of the "passer on."

"This fair Canadian nurse who recently came to St. Mark's seems a self-possessed sort of a person," said Henry Morse, looking arms with his friend as the pair passed down the gravel walk leading to the hospital steps. But John Findlay was not in a communicative mood, and he did not immediately respond. He had a habit of pushing one end of his thin, ink mustache into the corner of his mouth with his finger. He is doing it now and it always gave the other a shift to see him do it, for Henry disliked habits of the sort.

All hospital grounds, flower walks and embellishments in the way of landscape gardening look stiff. They mean to be alleviating to the ill ones, charming to the eyes, but they never are, for they bear too closely the marks of precision, soldierly care; and instead of appearing natural, they seem surrounded with too much red tape. Every flower tree or shrub growing upon hospital grounds has the sign of the red tape drawn about them. Even the fountain that tinkles in the mellow, lashed air of the place plays the rhythm of rotation upon the contents of the afflicted behind those stone walls.

After the pair reached the thoroughfare leading to their quarters situated but a short distance away, Findlay finally found his tongue, and asked:

"Whose name did you mention?"

"Well, you must be pretty deeply in it, old man. I did not mention anyone's name," said Morse, withdrawing his arm.

"But you were speaking of some one as we passed through the grounds."

"Then it has just struck you? I was simply saying that the fair Canadian nurse seemed to be a self-possessed sort of person. That's all."

"By the way, she is not fair and how is she different from the rest, Henry?"

"I mean by fair she is oh, well, charming, pleasing and pretty. She seems to know how to do things without asking. She is ready without fatigue. She has good nerve, too. Why, she did up the sprained leg of that poor fellow who was brought in day before yesterday before I came in a manner to equal anything of the sort I ever saw."

"Humph! that's what she is at St. Mark's, for to learn how to do things. As for being ready all the time of thing, I—"

"Well, what, doctor?" asked the other, as the tall, slender fellow led his hand to apply the hush key. The other hand was busy with the instrument, pushing one end of it out of sight. Henry Morse gave a little shrug of the shoulders, and Findlay said, as he pushed open the door:

"She may not be charming at all without her hospital gear. Come, let us go to the stairs and said trash." He led the way up the wide stairs, and the two were soon seated for the night in their suite of rooms.

When they appeared at the hospital the next morning they were asked to step into the office where "Old Lee," the pet name bestowed by the young fellows upon Roger Thoen, M. D., the best surgeon in the city, was awaiting them. Ah, many a poor fellow's death warrant had been drawn on in that office, and Findlay said, as he pushed open the door:

"She may not be charming at all without her hospital gear. Come, let us go to the stairs and said trash."

He led the way up the wide stairs, and the two were soon seated for the night in their suite of rooms.

When they appeared at the hospital

treatise case had also been solved, therein the thick-limbed and jolly-headed man who is sitting in the big, leather-upholished chair drumming upon the window sill with those long, blunted fingers. "Old Lee" is cool at all times—or at least his fingers are—and those same fingers have guided the keen knife within a hand of many a jugular vein, or have enriched for many a hidden ill among bone and muscle.

"Good morning, gentlemen, sit down I want to tell you something," uttered the celebrated surgeon, in his peculiar, jerky words. After the two were seated, he turned around squarely and asked:

"Either of you want to die? Ha, ha, that's joke, that—stop! Don't say a word until I get through. I'm not much of a talker; I like to finish what I've got to say before the other chap begins, though. Some men are born soldiers and do not know what fear means. Others acquire bravery after much practice. Was a timid young thing myself once. Not all over that—with a few exceptions here and there. The case I'll mention is one of the exceptions. Candidly, I am timid about it. Wish people would have some other sort of life if they must be sick. This case I do not like. It makes me timid, I say I said. I'm as cowardly as a child before a building now."

If "Old Lee" felt as he said he did, he failed to show any signs of it in the slightest. He looked as ready to perform a great piece of work as he ever did. John Findlay, who could contain himself no longer, ventured to say:

"Will you please enlighten us concerning the case, doctor?"

"In a moment. First, you are both sure you do not want to die?"

"You are joking my dear sir," said Henry Morse.

"I joking? You must be mad, sir! I never joke. I may play jokes with nerves, bones, muscles and such but what is commonly called joking—I never indulge in the foolish practice. To come right down to the facts of the case, I will simply say that I am about to take a great, a very great risk. I am obliged to call upon my young men to take the same risk."

"Doctor, we are at your service," broke in Findlay. And Morse nodded approvingly.

"All that's the sort of spirit I like to see in my young men," said "Old Lee," good naturally. Then fixing his deep, hazel eyes upon the face of John Findlay, raised his hand and punctuated the air with his long forefinger as he spoke. "It is an easy matter to remove a limb or two and plaster a wound; nothing easier—in our line—in the world. But when a surgeon takes his life in his own hands and attempts to heal a poor mortal of a fatal infliction, and is liable, ten chances against the rest, to leave himself a fatal infliction, how about it, eh?" The sandy fringe of hair seemed to be bristling about that grand old head that had bent low over many a serious case in its time. Henry Morse began to feel as though he was wholly ignored, for the surgeon kept his clear eyes fixed upon Findlay's face. And then Henry grew nervous as his friend began to push that long slip of mustache out of sight with his fingers.

"Well, doctor, what is the case?" asked Findlay, without glancing at his bosom friend, who was bending eagerly forward, with a rosy flush spread over his fair face.

"Patient, absent of the liver."

John Findlay quit gazing his master; he straightened up in his chair and looked for a brief instance into those clear, hazel eyes fixed upon him. Then he rose and said, hesitatingly:

"Dr. Thoen, I am very sorry to say that we do not care to assist you in the case."

"You mean yourself—not I," broke in a sweet-toned voice.

"Yes? You—why bless my stars!" broke from the surgeon, as he gazed at the fair speaker.

"My friend is only joking. Come, Henry, let us go."

Findlay went to the door and laid his hand upon the brass knob. He opened the door and stood for a brief instant upon the threshold, as though waiting for his friend to depart with him. He only sat there, smiling back at the hazel eyes of the sandy-haired man who was looking at him in astonishment. The door opened and closed, and the student was alone.

"I thought he had the most nerve," said the surgeon.

"So was I."

"I had picked him out from among the entire lot of young fellows to help me in this affair. Well, I was mistaken."

"So was I."

"And you will find me in this case, come what may."

"With the greatest pleasure in all the world, doctor." A pair of hands clasped there in the little square room where many a life or death verdict had been pronounced. The young man received his instructions as to the hour of operation and then he left the room, went out where the flowers nodded, and where a pretty girl dressed in the uniform of the St. Mark's nurses stood by the side of the thinking fountain under the trees.

What passed between the pretty Canadian nurse and the young medical student is all small import to us, but a look of surprise, followed by one of anxiety, came upon her face when Henry Morse responded to the question she asked. She turned her face away from him, and looked down at the cold fish darting hither and thither in the shaded pool at her feet. He asked her question, but she did not answer; she continued to look down, draw in slightly her upper lip, and give a faint shrug of her shoulders. When she lifted her face again, he was at the gate. Then she turned:

"She is grand, but I thought the other was the strong, brave one of the pair."

The day passed, and the subject of the following morning was never mentioned between the two friends since, only once, Morse turned his eyes toward the dark face, leaning

over a book. The bluet eyes were fixed upon the page, and the fingers of one hand were crowding the ink anastole out of sight. And when they parted to retire, Henry Morse took off his hand before going to his chamber, saying:

"Good-bye, old boy. Recollect, we are friends, ever!"

"Friends, ever?" echoed Findlay, as he took the warm palm between his cold fingers.

"Good-night, John, my friend."

"Good-night."

The door between the long, wide hallway and the operating room opened, and "Old Lee," leaning heavily upon the arm of the fair-faced young student, emerged from it. The bluet eyes were not as bright as usual, and the generally ruddy face of the great surgeon was wan. He was helped into his office, where he took a glass of wine, after which he seemed to recover some of his old-time spirits. He left the hospital afterwards, and half of ten days was a dead man. The cause of the old surgeon's death was pronounced to be black-poisoning.

Upon the evening of the day of the surgeon's funeral, Henry Morse was taken to St. Mark's till week, never to return.

"There seems to be something wrong with the boy," said Findlay, after his friend had been placed upon one of the snowy cots, in a cool, quiet room.

A white hand was laid upon the sick man's brow. Findlay turned to meet the calm gaze of the Canadian doctor.

"Yes—it is now a struggle between life and death. I pray God I will win," he said, softly.

"You?"

"Yes, I shall be his nurse." "There are others who can nurse him."

"There is no one but myself who can do so much for him," said the sweet, low voice of the fair girl.

"Why you, more than any other nurse?"

"That no one but he has a right to ask," replied she, as she pointed toward the face upon the pillow. And then commenced the great battle for the mastery. Medical science told the brave young fellow should die. Close, careful and skilled nursing, backed up by youth and manhood, that had never known any ill, said he should not die. Every change, no matter how slight, was watched by his friend, John Findlay, who seemed to be always by the sick man's bedside.

The fair nurse never left the bed-side until Findlay went out for his meals or to snatch a few moments of sleep.

It is midnight, and the crisis is at hand. The face upon the pillow is livid. The blue lips are drawn back, and the white teeth gleam in the shaded light. By the side of the bed sits the young student, Findlay, holding the reverent hand of his friend. The twinkling of the fountain lights upon his face.

The rattling of wheels over the pavement comes from the distance. The sleeve of the sick man's robe is pushed back, and the area with the turgid veins is disclosed. The small figure in hospital garb stands with back turned to Findlay. A long, dark finger protrudes from the vest pocket something that glitters in the light. A careful hand guides the object to the thick part of the forearm, and then—like a phantom, as quick and as noiseless—a small figure leans over the bed and pushes one slender white hand between the instrument's keen point and the bared arm. A pair of black eyes are raised to the now pale face of Findlay, and a pair of lightly-drawn lips huskily whisper:

"Die, coward! You dare not!"

The instrument is withdrawn, and John Findlay leans back and begins to push his kinky mustache out of sight. Again, the figure of the nurse stands over the bed and pushes one slender white hand between the instrument's keen point and the bared arm. A pair of black eyes are raised to the now pale face of Findlay, and a pair of lightly-drawn lips huskily whisper:

"Die, coward! You dare not!"

The instrument is withdrawn, and Findlay rose, gave one glance at the sick man's face, and then left the room, passing with his mustache in the old, tiresome manner.

Up in the Canadian woods, where Henry Morse went with the fair girl he married, he found health rapidly—once only once—he asked her why his friend Findlay had left him so suddenly. His wife gripped her shoulders and said nothing.

"Go, please; I can attend to him now without your help," she said.

Findlay rose, gave one glance at the sick man's face, and then left the room, passing with his mustache in the old, tiresome manner.

Up in the Canadian woods, where Henry Morse went with the fair girl he married, he found health rapidly—once only once—he asked her why his friend Findlay had left him so suddenly. His wife gripped her shoulders and said nothing.

"I had an idea, dear, that he fancied her."

"I did not fancy her."

"John is queer, but he and I are to be friends ever!"

But the two were destined never to meet again upon this world—good literature.

Not good at Farmmaking.

It excepts that as a nation we are not good at Farmmaking. That we were being slowly overtaken by other countries in ships, guns, locomotives and ready-made babies was known. But in this we make to show at all. The historian of "Le bon M. De St. Omer Uzanne," a Frenchman, and the expert makers of the article are French and Spanish. It is said that while it was desired to present a fair of English make to the lady manager a year or two ago, it took several firms to make it, and a boat account had to be opened. Nevertheless the master of the Farmmakers' company has been taking cheerfully of the art and of the efforts the company is making to foster its practice at home.

Two exhibitions have been held, and a third under consideration. Ten years ago the company did itself the unusual favor of admitting a woman, Lady Charlotte Scherzer, to membership. London Chronicle.

On the Contrary.

Chicago Man—To be perfectly candid, politics are rotten with us, and I suppose they are with you.

Boston Man—On the contrary, politics is rotten with us. Duck.

ANARCHY VS. CAPITALISM.

In a pond near Hampstead Heath, in England, a crowd of spectators watched a pair of swans defend a dozen cattle that had come down to wade into the refreshing coolness. The swans objected and as if by preconcerted signal moved upon the cattle. Men have had occasion to attest to the power that is in a swan's wings. They strike blows that not only have force but a great deal of accuracy in delivery. The birds charged directly at the heads of the bullocks, slapping right and left. The attack was furious. Some attempt was made by the cattle to resist, but half of three minutes they were in flight, half blinded by the birds' wings. They made no effort to return, either, until the cowherd near by came and drove the birds out to Fall River, directed, or via train to Fall River, through Boston. For tickets and statement apply at New York and Boston Dispatch Express Office, 172 Broadway.

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LEAVE NEWPORT—Wednesday 9 P.M.; Friday 1 P.M.; Saturday 10 A.M.; Sunday 1 P.M.; Monday 1 P.M.; Tuesday 1 P.M.; Wednesday 1 P.M.; Thursday 1 P.M.; Friday 1 P.M.; Saturday 10 A.M.; Sunday 1 P.M.; Monday 1 P.M.; Tuesday 1 P.M.; Wednesday 1 P.M.; Thursday 1 P.M.; Friday 1 P.M.; Saturday 10 A.M.; Sunday 1 P.M.; Monday 1 P.M.; Tuesday 1 P.M.; Wednesday 1 P.M.; Thursday 1 P.M.; Friday 1

The Late President.

A Chronological Abstract of His Life.

1832—Died August 14—prepared by M. J. T. Patterson, of the "Review of Reviews." 1831, January 21—William McKinley, Jr., 33, of Willard, 111., Mayor [Alfred] McKinley, was born at Niles, Trumbull County, O., being the seventh of a family of thirty-four.

1832—Paul M. Kirby, finally receiver to Paul L. Mather, ex-tariff, O., where William still sits at Union Sanitary until Dec. 14.

1831—Born at a number of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Poland, Po-

land.

1831—Becomes a student at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., but health prevents the completion of his course. Subsequently teaches in a public school near Poland, and later becomes a teacher in the Poland post office.

1833—Enlists as a private in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Vol-

unteer Infantry.

1832—Promoted to commissary ser-

geant while in the winter's camp at Fort Verde, W. Va.

1832, Sept. 24—Promoted to second lieutenant in recognition of services at battle of Antietam. Wins the highest esteem of the colonel of the regiment, Rutherford B. Hayes, and becomes a member of his staff.

1833, February 7—Promoted to first lieutenant.

1834, July 25—Promoted to captain for gallantry at the battle of Kernstown, then Winchester, Va.

1834, October 11—First vote for presi-

dent east, while on a march, for Abra-

ham Lincoln.

1834—Shortly after the battle of Cedar Creek (October 19) Capt. McKinley serves on the staffs of Gen. Geo. Crook and Gen. Winfield S. Hancock.

1835, March 13—Commissioned by President Lincoln as major by brevet in the volunteer United States army for gallantry and meritorious services at the battle of Spotsylvania, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill?

1835, July 26—Mustered out of the army with his regiment, having never been absent from his command on sick leave during more than four years of service.

1835—Returns to Poland and at once begins the study of law.

1836—Enters the Albany, N. Y., Law School.

1837—Admitted to the bar at Waukegan, Ill., March. Accepting the advice of an elder sister, teaching in Canton, O., he begins the practice of law in Canton and makes that place his home.

1838—Elected prosecuting attorney of Stark county on the republican ticket, although the county had usually been democratic.

1837, January 25—Married Miss Ida Saxton, of Canton. (Two daughters born to Mr. and Mrs. McKinley—Katherine in 1871, and Ida, in 1873—ate both lost in early childhood.)

1837—Fails of re-election as prosecuting attorney by forty-five votes, and for the next five years devotes himself successfully to the practice of law, and becomes a leading member of the bar of Stark county.

1837—Though not a candidate, very active as a campaign speaker in the Grant-Hailey presidential campaign.

1837—Especially active and conspicuous as a campaigner in the closely contested state election in which Ruth-erford B. Hayes is elected governor.

1838—Elected a member of the house of representatives by 3,800 majority, his friend Hayes being elected to the presidency.

1838—Re-elected to congress by 1,234 majority; his district in Ohio having been gerrymandered to his disadvantage by a democratic legislature.

1838—Appointed a member of the ways and means committee, to succeed President-elect Garfield.

1838—The republican suffer reverses throughout the country in the congressional elections, and McKinley is re-elected by only a majority of 8.

1838—Prominent in opposition to the proposed "Morrison tariff" in congress.

1838—As delegate-at-large to the republican national convention in Chicago, actively supports James G. Blaine for the presidential nomination.

1838—Re-elected to congress by a majority of 2,000, although his district had again been gerrymandered against him.

1838—Re-elected to congress by a majority of 2,550.

1838—Leads the minority opposition in congress against the Mills tariff bill.

1838—Delegate-at-large to the national convention in Chicago that nominated Benjamin Harrison, and serves as chairman of the committee on resolutions. Many delegates wish McKinley to become the nominee, but he stands firm in his support of John Sherman.

1838—Elected to congress for the seventh successive time, receiving a majority of 4,100 votes.

1839—At the organization of the fifty-first congress, candidate for speaker of the house, but is defeated on third ballot in the republican caucus by Thomas B. Reed.

1839—Upon the death of William D. Kelley in January, McKinley becomes chairman of the ways and means committee and leader of his party in the house. He introduces a bill "to simplify the laws in relation to the collection of the revenues," known as the "customs administration bill." He also introduces a general tariff bill. The bill becomes a law, October 6.

1839—As a result of a gerrymandered congressional district, and the reaction against the republican party throughout the country caused by the protracted struggle over the tariff bill, McKinley is defeated in the election for Congress by 300 votes in counties that had previously gone Democratic by 3,000.

1839, November 3—Elected governor of Ohio by a plurality of 21,511, polling the largest vote that had ever been cast for governor in Ohio. His opponent is the democratic governor, James E. Campbell.

1839—As delegate-at-large to the national convention in Minneapolis, and chairman of the convention, McKinley refuses to permit the consideration of his name, and supports the renomination of President Harrison. The roll call results as follows: Harrison, 355; Blaine, 152; McKinley, 152; Reed, 4; Linnell, 1.

1839—Death of William McKinley, Sr., November 1.

1839—Unanimously renominated for governor of Ohio, and re-elected by a plurality of 30,935, this majority being the greatest ever recorded, with a single exception during the civil war, for any candidate in the history of the state.

1839, June 15—At the republican national convention in St. Louis McKinley is nominated for president on the first ballot, the result of the voting being as follows:

McKinley, 661; Reed, 51; Quay, 39; Morton, 35; Allison, 31; Calton, 1.

1839, November 6—Receives 40,000 votes in the presidential election of 71,161,770, a plurality of 60,851 over his only opponent, William J. Bryan. In the electoral college, later, McKinley receives 211 votes against 176 for Bryan.

1839, March 1—Inaugurated president of the United States for the twenty-eighth quadrennial term.

1839, March 4—Issues proclamation for an extra session of congress to assemble on March 15. The president's message dwells solely upon the need of a revision of the existing tariff law.

1839, May 17—In response to an appeal from the president, congress appropriates \$50,000 for the relief of destitution in Cuba.

1839, July 21—The "Dingley tariff bill" receives president's approval.

1839, December 12—Death of Presi-

dent McKinley's mother at Canton, O.

1839—Both branches of congress vote unanimously (the house on March 8, by a vote of 318 to 6, and the senate by a vote of 70 to 9 on the following day) to place \$50,000,000 at the disposal of the president, to be used at his discretion for the "indian defense."

1839, March 29—The president sends to the Spanish government, through Minister Woodford, at Madrid, an ultimatum regarding the intolerable condition of affairs in Cuba.

1839, March 29—The report of the court of inquiry of the destruction of the Maine at Havana on February 15 is transmitted by the president to Congress.

1839, April 11—The president sends a message to congress outlining the situation, declaring that intervention is necessary and advising against the recognition of the Cuban government.

1839, April 21—The Spanish govern-

ment sends Minister Woodford his pas-

sports, thus beginning the war.

1839, April 21—The president issues a call for 125,000 volunteers.

1839, April 21—Spain formally de-

clares that war exist with the United States.

1839, April 25—In a message to con-

gress, the president recommends the passage of a joint resolution declaring that war exists with Spain.

1839, April 25—Both branches of congress pass such a declaration.

1839, May 25—The president issues a call for 75,000 additional volunteers.

1839, June 29—Yale University confers upon President McKinley the degree of LL.D.

1839, July 7—Joint resolution of con-

gress providing for the annexation of Hawaii receives the approval of the president.

1839, August 6—Spain formally ac-

cepts the president's terms of peace.

1839, August 12—The peace protocol is signed. An armistice is proclaimed, and the Cuban blockade raised.

1839, October 17—The president re-

ceives the degree of LL. D. from the University of Chicago.

1839, December 10—The treaty of peace between Spain and the United States is signed at Paris.

1839, March 11—The president signs the gold standard act.

1839, June 21—The republican na-

tional convention at Philadelphia unanimously renominates William Mc-

Kinley for the presidency.

1839, June 21—The president's am-

nesty proclamation to the Filipinos is published in Manila.

1839, July 10—The United States gov-

ernment makes public a statement of its policy as to affairs in China.

1839, September 10—Letter accepting the presidential nomination and discussing the issues of the campaign is given to the public.

1839, November 6—In the presiden-

tial election William McKinley carried twenty-eight states, which have an aggregate of 292 votes in the electoral college, his democratic opponent, William J. Bryan, carrying seventeen states, having 165 electoral votes. His popu-

larity is also larger than in the election of 1838.

Not the Same Wife.

The old gentleman had returned to the home of his boyhood for the first time in ten years or more and, as on the last occasions, he had written "and wife" after his name on the hotel regis-

ter. Of course the keeper of the hotel was glad to see him and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Ain't grown a day older than when you was here last," he said.

"No?" said the old gentleman half inquiringly.

"Not a day," returned the tavern-

keeper emphatically. "Your wife seems to have changed more."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. Leastways she does to me. Looks thinner than when you was here last."

"Indeed?"

"She ain't near so fleshy as she was, accordin' to my recollection. Seems like she's taller, too, an' her head don't look just the same to me, an' an'—"

"And," put in the old gentleman softly, "she's not the same wife, you know?"—Tribune.

Hotel Proprietor. Yes, I want a clerk at once. What do you know about hotel keeping?

Applaud. Know? See here! Unless you've got four or five years to spare for a little chat, ask me what I don't know. It'll take less time. What do I know about hotel keeping? Well, I should snuff! I know it all—more than all! I could run forty hotels, and play ten games of chess blindfolded. Why, man, I used to be a commercial traveller!

"Not a day," returned the tavern-

keeper emphatically. "Your wife seems to have changed more."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. Leastways she does to me. Looks thinner than when you was here last."

"Indeed?"

"She ain't near so fleshy as she was, accordin' to my recollection. Seems like she's taller, too, an' her head don't look just the same to me, an' an'—"

"And," put in the old gentleman softly, "she's not the same wife, you know?"—Tribune.

Hotel Proprietor. Yes, I want a clerk at once. What do you know about hotel keeping?

Applaud. Know? See here! Unless you've got four or five years to spare for a little chat, ask me what I don't know. It'll take less time. What do I know about hotel keeping? Well, I should snuff! I know it all—more than all! I could run forty hotels, and play ten games of chess blindfolded. Why, man, I used to be a commercial traveller!"—Chicago Tribune.

This prolonged rain will bring distress to a great many people, but afraid."

"Yes, it certainly reminds us of the discomforts of the poor."

"I wasn't thinking of the poor. I was wondering if it wouldn't do lots of damage to our new golf links!"—Cleve-

land Plain Dealer.

"John," said Mrs. Billus after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Billus.

"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were 52!"—Chicago Tribune.

As She Saw It.

Mrs. Kleener. What is the matter with you this evening, John, that you isn't smoking?

Mr. Kleener. The doctor says I mustn't. He says I must stop smoking or die.

Mrs. Kleener. Oh, I'm so glad! You won't be scolding up my curtains any more, will you?—Boston Transcript.

Cunning Harry.

Harry and Charlie, aged 5 and 3 res-

pectively, have just been seated at the nursery table for dinner. Harry sees

there is but one orange on the table

and immediately sets up a wail that

brings his mother to the scene.

"Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asks.

"Because there ain't any orange for Charlie!"—Exchange.

Bunched His Blunders.

"John," said Mrs. Billus after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

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3. If your query admits of a reply, the number of the query and the signature of the writer, and contributions to it, for which, and to whom, blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to:
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
one Newport Bldg., Post Office,
Newport, R. I.

SAUNDERS, September 20, 1901.

NOTES.

THE COURSES OF RHODE ISLAND DESCENDANTS OF WALTER COURSE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS.

1901.

BY H. RUTH COURSE.

Lambeth Cooke (22d) died March 29, 1845, m'd. at Bellington, Mass., Oct. 8, 1773; Joshua Lazzell, b. Ullington, Mass., Sept. 6, 1763, d. at Mendon, Mass., Dec. 3, 1802, son of Isaac Lazzell, b. Ullington, Mass., Aug. 10, 1741; d. at Mendon, Mass., June 29, 1814; m'd. Sept. 6, 1743, Deborah (Murch) daw., Thomas, and Mary Lull, sas. of Thomas and Sarah (Lilienth) daw., Thelma, son of Thomas Marsh and Sarah, Beat son of Geo. Marsh). Mary Lull was dau. John Lull, and Mary (Warren) daw., John Lull and Deborah Wilson, son of Simon Butt, Henry Butt and Anna Foster (Bunting) Butt, Richard Butt) Isaac Lazzell was son of Israel, who m'd. 1698, Ruth (Lazell), daw., Daniel and Susanna (Lazell), daw. of John Bassell b. 1618, daw., Elizabeth Galt daw., Stephen, son of Thomas Galt of Norwich, Eng. Joshua Lazzell, husband to Lamia Cooks, was father to Mendon, Mass., removed with his parents from Ullington in 1773, married to Lexington, Mass., 1775, at first named later enfrated for three months received Revolutionary pension which his widow received after him.

This Joshua made his will Jan. 4, 1821, proved Feb. 6, 1833, witness being Joshua Cooke, Alter Cooke, Amory Cooke. There was another Joshua Lazell last mentioned here, that is record not conflict with record of Lambinus Joshua. This other Joshua was brother to Israel, grandfather of John Lazzell, b. 1810, who married Elizabeth (Galt) daw., of Stephen and Amy. This second Joshua Lazzell had a son Salmon, first cousin to Israel Lazell, also son, who married Margaret Miller, son of Jacob Cooke and Lydia Miller, son of Jacob Cooke and Daniels (Hoptus) son of Stephen Hopkins of the Mayflower; this last Jacob, son of Daniels Cooke of the Mayflower of whom it hardly needs to be said that the cousins Salmon and Isaac Lazell knew each other, in life, if their wives were also relatives he left for later records to prove. Children of Joshua Lazzell and Salmon (Cooke) all recorded in Mendon, Mass., (except Sally and Lewis Lazzell who are found in family Bible) were:

1st. Warren Lazzell, b. Dec. 6, 1770, d. Bellington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1810 (graveyard, ind. 1) in Bellington, Mass., May 10, 1801, Abigail Holbrook daw., of Ziba and Rebecca (Whitall) Holbrook, ind. 2 at Hopkinton, Mass., May 18, 1822, Isabey Walker, daw., of Timothy and Lois (Gibbs) Walker, had Warren Lazzell, sr. b. Dec. 21, 1825, who married his second cousin Eunice Dorcas Cooke both living at Bellington, Mass.

2d. Deacon Daniel Lazzell, b. April 8, 1781, d. at Worcester, Mass., March 3, 1802, buried at Bellington, Mass. Married (1) Betsy Ellis of Bellington, Mass., dau. of Capt. Amos and Hannah (Hill) Ellis, b. Bellington, Mass., March 1, 1781, died at Mendon, Mass., Sept. 13, 1838, he m'd. (2) about 1838, Mrs. Anna (Pleas) Guild.

3d. John Lazzell, b. Ap. 5, 1838, d. Sept. 21, 1858.

4d. Lydia Lazzell, b. May 10, 1780, d. Feb. 6, 1853 and, Oct. 10, 1853, her second son Oliver Scott, son of Samuel and Selah (Ballou) Scott.

45. Judge John Adams Lazzell, b. Mendon, Mass., March 21, 1789, d. Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1820, and Worcester, Mass., June 4, 1811, Bathsheba Patch, son Henry Patch and Hannah (Moore) had eight children two of whom living in Ohio in 1901.

46. Elias Lazzell, b. June 3, 1791, living in 1838, in Buffalo, N. Y., m'd. Bellington May 26, 1816 (Court) Legg.

47. Sally Lazzell, b. Aug. 21, 1788, d. Oct. 14, 1799.

48. Lewis Lazzell, b. May 15, 1785, d. Oct. 29, 1795 Sylvester Cooke (22d) m'd. Jan. 3, 1785, Elizabeth Barnes of Richmond, N. H., daw., David Barnes, removed from Richmond, N. H., to Vermont. Their children were five, four of whose dates are wanted namely:

49. Susanna Cooke.

50. Elizabeth Cooke.

51. William Cooke.

52. Ezekiel Cooke.

53. Lydia Cooke, b. Feb. 22, 1789.

(to be continued)

COURSE.—M. L. T. A. will turn to Arnold's Vital Records of Rhode Island, Vol. IV, p. 18, Portsmouth; Vol. IV, p. 91, Newport, she will find the records which prove that Joseph Cooke married Ashbel Fowler, of Westfield, He was son of Joseph Cooke and Susanna (Briggs), son of John Cooke, Thomas, Jr., R. C.

QUERIES.

54. GREENE.—Can any one tell me the names of the husbands of the following Mary Greenes?

John Greene of Warwick, R. I., made his will Sept. 6, 1762. Mentioned daughter Mary.

Mary Greene of Warwick, dated her will Oct. 18, 1720; recorded May 28, 1721.

David Greene of Warwick, dated his will May 2, 1753, recorded Sept. 16, 1758. Mentioned daughter Mary.

Richard Greene of Warwick, dated his will Feb. 18, 1778, recorded Dec. 24, 1778. Mentioned daughter Mary.

James Greene of Warwick, dated his will May 12, 1788, recorded Aug. 16, 1792. Mentioned daughter Mary.

Any information concerning the above Mary Greenes will be gladly received.—E. K. W.

55. KELLOGG—FOWLES.—Also the ancestry of Lucinda Kellogg, who married Ashbel Fowler, of Westfield, He was born May 12, 1764, died July 7, 1832.—C. M. W.

ANSWERS.

56. ROGERS.—P. D. H. in query 188 asks if Samuel and Lydia Barber Rogers had a daughter Joanna, as Benjamin Barber named in his will, granddaughter Joanna Rogers. In the list of Benjamin Barber's children I never had a Joanna; but it seems there was, and she married Peleg Keaven. Their daughter Joanna Keaven married Samuel Rogers, Jr., son of Samuel and Lydia (Barber) Rogers, her own cousin.

For some time I have had these entries of Benjamin Barber.

Lydia, b. according to tombstone, b. 1784; April 6, 1780, m. Samuel Rogers, Mary, b. —, m. Timothy Peckham.

57. BYRNE.—Of what was Captain Ebenezer Byrne, of Bridgewater, captain?—G. T.

(CONTINUED FROM PAST PAGE.)

Porter—1st, Hend. C. B. Sherman; 2d, Robert H. Amy;

King—1st, John L. Harrington;

Yost—1st, John L. Harrington; 2d,

Chase—1st, John L. Harrington;

St. Lawrence—1st, John L. Harrington;

Peck—1st, Walter Chase; 2d, William A. Chase;

A. Chase—1st, Rhode Island Greetings; 2d, William A. Chase;

White—1st, Walter Chase;

Dodge—1st, Edward P. Brown;

Huntington—1st, F. J. Coggeshall;

Bartlett—1st, Chester Hedley;

Sawyer—1st, Chester Hedley;

Lane—1st, John L. Harrington;

Miller—1st, John L. Harrington;

Patterson—1st, Walter Chase; 2d, William A. Patterson;

Brown—1st, Chester Hedley;

Watson—1st, Chester Hedley;

Wright—1st, John L. Harrington;

Conway—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Terry—1st, Mrs. E. P. Conway;

Conrad—1st, John L. Harrington;

Wright—1st, John L. Harrington;

Monmouth—1st, John L. Harrington;

Covell—1st, John L. Harrington;

County—1st, John L. Harrington;

Patterson—1st, John L. Harrington;

Northrop—1st, Edward P. Brown; 2d,

John L. Harrington;

Lyman—1st, John L. Harrington;

Dugan—1st, John L. Harrington;

Conway—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Gardiner—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Patterson—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Brown—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Monroe—1st, John L. Harrington;

Conway—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Patterson—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Brown—1st, Mrs. William A. Chase;

Monroe—1st, John L. Harrington;

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